

Abfalom Senior:  
OR,  
ACHITOPHEL  
TRANSPROSD.  
A  
POEM.

*By Elkanah Tattler*

*Si Populus vult decipi, &c.*

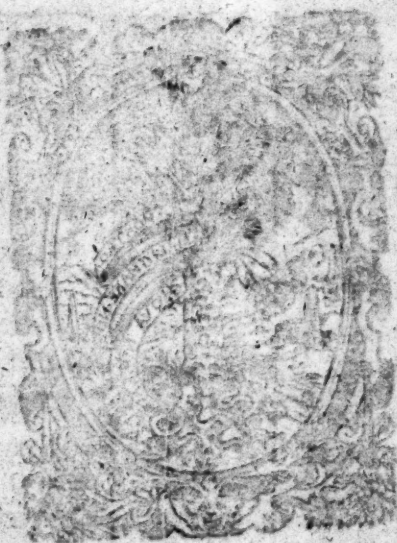


L O N D O N :

Printed for S. E. and Sold by Langley Curtis, at the Sign of  
Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, near Fleetbridge. 1682.

Abraham Senior:  
OR  
ACHTTOPHEL  
TRAVELLERS  
POEM

Self-printed and sold by Geo.



LONDON:  
Printed for S. E. and Sold by Langley Currier, at the sign of  
the Edinburgh Coffin, near Fleetbridge, 1782.



# To the TORIES.



Gentlemen, for so you all write your selves ;  
and indeed you are your own Heralds ,  
and Blazon all your Coats with Honour  
and Loyalty for your Supporters ; nay,  
and you are so unconscionable too in that  
point, that you will allow neither of them  
in any other Scutcheons but your own.  
But who has 'em, or has 'em not, is not my present business ;  
onely as you profess your selves Gentlemen, to conjure you to give  
an Adversary fair play ; and that if any person whatsoever shall  
pretend to be aggrieved by this P O E M, or any part of it, that  
he would bear it patiently ; since the Licentiousness of the first  
Absolom and Achitophel has been the sole occasion of the Li-  
berty of This, I having only taken the Measure of My Weapon,  
from the Length of his ; which by the Rules of Honour ought  
not to offend you ; especially, since the boldness of that Ingenious  
Piece, was wholly taken from the Encouragement you gave the  
Author ; and 'tis from that Boldness only that this P O E M takes  
its Birth : for had not his daring Pen brought that Piece into  
the World, I had been so far from troubling my self in any Sub-  
ject on this kind, that I may justly say in one sentence, the Writer of  
that Absolom, is the Author of this. This favour, as in Ju-  
stice due, obtain'd from you, I shall not trouble you with a long  
Preface, like a tedious Compliment at the Door, but desire you to  
look in for your Entertainment. Onely I cannot forbear telling  
you, that one thing I am a little concern'd for you, Tories, that  
your Absoloms and Achitophels, and the rest of your Grinning  
Satyres against the Whiggs, have this one unpardonable Fault,  
That the Last is more against a David, than an Achitophel ;  
whilst the running down of the P L O T at so extravagant a rate,  
favours of very little less (pardon the Expression) than ridicu-  
ling of Majesty it self, and turning all those several Royal Speeches  
to the Parliament on that Subject, onely into those double-tongued  
Oracles that sounded one thing, and meant another. Besides, af-  
ter this unmannerly Boldness, of not onely branding the publick  
Justice of the Nation, but affronting even the Throne it self, to  
push

## The Epistle to the **T O R I E S.**

push the humour a little farther, you run into ten times a greater Vice, (and in the same strain too) than what you so severely inveigh against: and whilst a **POPISH PLOT** through want of sufficient Circumstances, and credible Witnesses, miscarries with you, a **PROTESTANT PLOT** without either Witness or Circumstance at all, goes currant. Nay you are so far now from your former niceties and scruples, and disputing about raising of Armies, and not one Commission found, that you can swallow the raising of a whole Protestant **ARMY**, without either Commission, or Commission-Officer; Nay, the *when, where, and how*, are no part of your Consideration. *Is true*, the great Cry amongst you, is, The Nations Eyes are open'd; but I am afraid, in most of you, is onely to look where you like best: and to help your lewd Eye-sight, you have got a damnable trick of turning the Perspective upon occasion, and magnifying or diminishing at pleasure. But alas, all talking to you is but impertinent, and fencing and proving signifie just nothing; for after all Arguments, both Parties are so irreconcilable, that as the Author of *Abolom* wisely observed, they'll be Fools or Knaves to each other to the end of the Chapter. And therefore I am so reasonable in this point, that I should be very glad to divide 'em between em, and give the Fool to the Tory, and the Knave to the Whigg. For the Tories that will believe no **POPISH PLOT**, may as justly come under that denomination, as They, that David tells us, said in their Hearts there was no God. And then let the Whiggs that do believe a Popish Plot be the Knaves, for daring to endeavour to hinder the Effects of a Popish Plot, when the Tories are resolv'd to the contrary. But to draw near a conclusion; I have one favour more to beg of you, that you'll give me the freedom of clapping but about a score of years extraordinary on the back of my *Abolom*. Neither is it altogether so unpardonable a Poetical License, since we find as great slips from the Author of your own *Abolom*, where we see him bring in a Zimri into the Court of David; who in the Scripture-story dyed by the Hand of Phineas in the days of Moses. Nay, in the other extreme, we find him in another place talking of the Martyrdom of Stephen, so many Ages after. And if so famous an Author can forget his own Rules of Unity, Time, and Place, I hope you'll give a Minor Poet some grains of Allowance, and he shall ever acknowledge himself

Your Humble Servant.

A B S O.



Abfalom Senior:  
OR,  
A CHITOPHEL  
TRANSPROSD.

**I**N Gloomy Times, when Priestcraft bore the sway,  
And made Heav'n's Gate a Lock to their own Key;  
When ignorant Devotes did blindly bow,  
And groaping to be sav'd they knew not how:  
Whilst this Egyptian darkness did overwhelm,  
The Priest fate Pilot even at Empires Helm,  
Then Royal Necks were yok'd, and Monarchs still  
Hold but their Crowns at his Almighty Will.  
And to defend this high Prerogative,  
Falsely from Heaven he did that pow'r derive:  
By a Commission forg'd it's hand of God,  
Turn'd Aarons blooming wand to Moses snaky Rod.  
Whilst Princes like Scepters overpow'd,  
Made but that prey his wider Gorge devour'd.  
Now to find Wealth might his vast pomp supply,  
(For costly Rooks he fir'd a Lord so high)  
No Arts were spar'd, his Lustre to support,  
But all Mines search'd to enrich his shining Court.  
Then Heav'n was bought, Religion but a Trade,  
And Temples Murder's Sanctuary made.  
By Phineas Spear no bleeding Cobler groan'd,  
If Cobblers Gold for Cobblers Crimes was sold.  
With these wise Arts (for humane Policy)  
As well as Heav'nly Truth, moan'd Priests so high,  
'Twixt gentle Penance, and severe Penitence,  
A Faith that gratifies both Soul and Sense;  
With easie steps to everlasting bliss,  
He paves the rugged way to Paradise.

Thus almost all the Profelyte-World he drives,  
 Whilst th'universal Drones buz to his Hives.  
 Implicite Faith Religion thus convey'd  
 Through little pipes to his great Channel laid,  
 Till Picty through such dark Conduits led,  
 Was poyson'd by the Spring on which it fed.  
 Here blind Obedience to a blinder Guide,  
 Nurst that Blind Zeal that rais'd the Priestly pride ;  
 Whilst to make Kings the Sovereign Prelate own,  
 Their Reason he enslav'd, and then their Throne.  
 The Mitre thus above the Diadem soar'd,  
 Gods humble servant He, but Mans proud Lord.  
 It was in such Church-light blind-zeal was bred,  
 By Faiths infatuating Meteor led ;  
 Blind Zeal, that can even Contradictions joyn ;  
 A Saint in Faith, in Life a Libertine ;  
 Makes Greatness though in Luxury worn down,  
 Bigotted even to th' Hazard of a Crown ;  
 Ty'd to the Girdle of a Priest so fast,  
 And yet Religious only to the waist.  
 But Constancy atoning Constancy,  
 Where that once raigns, Devotion may lye by.  
 T'espouse the Churches Cause lyes in Heav'ns road,  
 More than obeying of the Churches God.  
 And he dares fight for Faith, is more renown'd,  
 A Zealot Militant, than Martyr crown'd.  
 Here the Arch-Priest to that Ambition blown,  
 Pull'd down Gods Altars, to erect his own :  
 For not content to publish Heav'ns command,  
 The Sacred Law penn'd by th' Almighty Hand ,  
 And Moses-like twixt God and Israel go,  
 Thought *Sinai's* Mount a Pinacle too low.  
 So charming sweet were Incense fragrant Fumes,  
 So pleas'd his Nostrils, till th'Aspirer comes  
 From offering, to receiving Hecatombs ;  
 And ceasing to adore, to be ador'd.  
 So fell Faiths guide : so loftily he tow'r'd,  
 Till like th'Ambitious *Lucifer* accurst,  
 Swell'd to a God, into a Fiend he burst.

But as great *Lucifer* by falling gain'd  
 Dominion , and even in Damnation reign'd ;



And though from Lights blest Orb for ever driven,  
 Yet Prince o'th'Air, h'had that vast Scepter giv'n,  
 T'have Subjects far more numerous than Heav'n:  
 And thus enthron'd, with an infernal spight,  
 The genuine Malice of the Realms of night,  
 The Paradise he lost blasphemes, abhors,  
 And against Heav'n proclaims Eternal Wars;  
 No Arts untry'd, no hostile steps untrod,  
 Both against Truths Adorers, and Truths God:

So Faiths faln Guide, now *Baal's* great Champion raign'd;  
 Wide was his Sway, and Mighty his Command:  
 Whilst with implacable Revenge he burn'd,  
 And all his Rage against Gods *Israel* turn'd.  
 Here his invenom'd Souls black gall he flings,  
 Spots all his Snakes, and points his Scorpions stings:  
 Omits no Force, or Treacherous Designe,  
 Blest *Israel* to assault, or undermine.  
 But the first Sword did his keen Malice draw,  
 Was aim'd against the God-like *Deborah*.  
*Deborah*, the matchless pride of *Judah's* Crown,  
 Whose Female hand *Baal's* impious Groves cut down,  
 His banisht Wizards from her *Israel* thrust,  
 And pounded all their Idols into dust.  
 Her Life with indefatigable pain,  
 By Daggers long, and poysons sought in vain:  
 At length they angry *Jabins* Rage inflam'd,  
*Hazors* proud King, for Iron Chariots fam'd;  
 A Warriour powerful, whose most dreadful Hoast  
 Proclaim'd Invincible, (were humane Boast  
 Infallible) by haughty *Sisera* led,  
 'Gainst *Deborah* their bloody Banners spread.  
 But *Deborah* her *Barak* calls to War;  
*Barak*, the Suns fam'd fellow-traveller,  
 Who wandring o're the Earths surrounded Frame,  
 Had travell'd far as his great Mistress Fame.  
 Here *Barak* did with *Deborah's* vengeance fly,  
 And to that swift prodigious Victory  
 So much by Humane Praises undefin'd,  
 That Fame wants Breath, and Wonder lags behind.  
 To Heav'ns high Arch her sounding Glories rung,  
 Whilst thus great *Deborah* and *Barak* sung.

**H**ear, oh ye Princes, oh ye Kings give Ear,  
And Israels great Avengers honour bear.

When God of Hosts, thou Israels Spear and Shield,  
Wentst out of Seir, and march'd'st from Edoms field,  
Earth trembled, the Heaven's drop'd, the Clouds all pour'd;

The Mountains melted from before the Lord;

Even thy own Sinai melted into streams,

At Israels dazzling Gods resplendent Beams.

In Shamgar and in Jael's former days,

The wandring Traveller walk'd through by-ways.

They chose new Gods. No Spear nor Sword was found,

To have Idolatry depos'd, Truth Crown'd:

Till I alone, against Jehovahs Foes;

I Deborah, I Israels Mother rose.

Wake Deborah, wake, raise thy exalted Head;

Rise Barak, and Captivity Captive lead.

For to blest Deborah, belov'd of Heav'n,

Over the Mighty is Dominion given.

Great Barak leads, and Israels Courage warms;

Ephraim and Benjamin march down in Arms:

Zebulon and Nephtali my Thunder bore,

Dan from her Ships, and Asher on the Shore.

Behold Megiddoes waves, and from afar,

See the fierce Jabins threatening storm of War.

But Heav'n 'gainst Sisera fought, and the kind Stars

Kindled their embattel'd Fires for Deborah's Wars,

Shot down their Vengeance that miraculous day,

When Kishons Torrents swept their Hosts away.

But curse ye Meroz, curse 'em from on high,

Did the denouncing voice of Angels cry:

Accurst be they that went not out to oppose

The Mighty Deborah's, God's, and Israels Foes.

Victorious Judah! Oh my Soul, th' hast trod

Trod down their strengths. So fall the Foes of God.

But they who in his Sacred Laws delight,

Be as the Sun when he sets out in night.

Thus sung, they conquer'd Deborah: thus fell

Hers, and Heav'n's Foes. But no Defeat tames Hell.

By Conquest overthrow'd, but not dismay'd,

'Gainst Israel still their private Engines play'd.

And



And their dire Ma chinations to fulfil,  
 Their stings torn out, they kept their poyson still.  
 And now too weak in open force to joyn,  
 In close Cabals they hatcht a damn'd Design,  
 To light that Mine as should the world amaze,  
 And set the ruin'd *Israel* in a blaze.

When *Judahs* Monarch with his Princes round,  
 Amidst his glorious Sanedrim sat Crown'd,  
 Beneath his Throne a Cavern low, and dark  
 As their black Souls, for the great Work they mark.  
 In this lone Cell their Midnight-Hands bestow'd  
 A *Stygian* Compound, a combustive load  
 Of Mixture wondrous, Execution dire,  
 Ready the Touch of their Infernal Fire.  
 Have you not seen in yon æthereal Road,  
 How at the Rage of th'angry driving God,  
 Beneath the pressure of his furious wheels  
 The Heav'ns all rattle, and the Globe all reels?  
 So does this Thunder's Ape its lightning play,  
 Keen as Heav'ns Fires, and scarce less swift than they.  
 A short-liv'd glaring Murderer it flies,  
 In Times least pulse, a Moments wing'd surprize ;  
 'Tis born, looks big, talks lowd, breaths death, and dies. }  
 This Mixture was th'Invention of a Priest ;  
 The Sulphurous Ingredients all the best  
 Of Hells own growth : for to dire Compounds still  
 Hell finds the Minerals, and the Priest the Skill.

From this curst Mine they had that blow decreed,  
 A Moments dismal blast, as should exceed  
 All the Storms, Battles, Murders, Massacres,  
 And all the strokes of Daggers, Swords, or Spears,  
 Since first *Cain's* hand at *Abels* Head was lift :  
 A Blow more swift than Pestilence, more swift  
 Than ever a destroying Angel rod,  
 To pour the Vial of an angry God.

The Train was laid, the very Signal giv'n ;  
 But here th'all-seeing, *Israels* Guardian, Heav'n  
 Could hold no longer ; and to stop their way,  
 With a kind Beam from th'Empyrean Day,

Disclos'd their hammering Thunder at the Forge ;  
And made their Cyclops Cave their Bolts disgorge.

Discover'd thus, thus lost, betray'd, undone,  
Yet still untir'd, the Restless Cause goes on ;  
And to retrieve a yet auspicious day,  
A glowing spark even in their Ashes lay,  
Which thus burst out in flames. In *Geshur* Land,  
The utmost Bound of *Israel's* Command,  
Where *Judah's* planted Faith but slowly grew,  
A Brutal Race that *Israel's* God n'er knew:  
A Nation by the Conquerors Mercy grac'd,  
Their Gods preserv'd, and Temples undefac'd ;  
Yet not content with all the Sweets of Peace,  
Free their Estates, and free their Consciences ;  
'Gainst *Israel* those confederate Swords they drew,  
Which with that vast Assassination slew  
Two hundred thousand Butcher'd Victims shar'd  
One common doom : No Sex nor Age was spar'd :  
Not kneeling Beauties, Tears, nor Virgins Cries,  
Nor Infants Smiles : No prey so small but dies.  
Alas, the hard-mouth'd Blood-hound, Zeal, bites through  
Religion hunts, and hungry Jaws pursue.  
To what strange Rage is Superstition driven,  
That Man can outdo Hell to fight for Heav'n !  
So Rebel *Geshur* fought : so drown'd in gore,  
Even Mother Earth blush'd at the Sons she bore ;  
And still asham'd of her old staining Brand,  
Her Head shrinks down and Quagmires half their Land.  
Yet not this blow *Babel's* Empire could enlarge  
For *Israel* still was Heav'n's peculiar charge :  
Unshaken still in all this Scene of Blood,  
Truths Temple firm on Golden Columns stood.  
Whilst *Saul's* Revenging Arm proud *Geshur* scourg'd,  
From their rank soyl their *Hydra's* poyson purg'd.

Yet does not here their vanquish'd spleen give o're,  
But as untir'd, and restless as before,  
Still through whole waiting Ages they outdo  
At once the *Chimists* pains and patience too.  
Who though he sees his bursting Limbecks crack,  
And at one blast, one fatal Minutes wrack,



The forward Hopes of sweating years expire ;  
 With sad, yet painful hand new lights his Fire ;  
 Pale, lean, and wan, does Health, Wealth, all consume ;  
 Yet for the great Elixir still to come,  
 Toyls and hopes on. No less their Plottings cease ;  
 So hope, so toyl, the foes of *Israels* peace.

When lo, a long expected day appears,  
 Sought for above a hundred rowling years ;  
 A day ith' register of Doom set down,  
 Presents 'em with an Heir of *Israels* Crown.  
 Here their vast hopes of the rich *Israels* spoils,  
 Requites the pains of their long Ages Toyls.  
*Baals* Banners now ith' face of day shall march,  
 With Heav'n's bright Roof for his Triumphal Arch.  
 His lurking Missioners shall now no more  
 From Forreign Schools in borrow'd shapes come o're ;  
 Convert by Moon-light, and their Mystick Rites  
 Preach to poor Female half-Soul'd Profelytes.  
 An all-commanding Dragon now shall soar,  
 Where the poor Serpents onely crawl'd before.  
*Baals* Restoration, that most blest Design,  
 Now the great work of Majesty, shall shine,  
 Made by his consecrating hand Divine.  
 He shall new plant their Groves with each blest Tree,  
 A graft of an Imperial Nursery.  
 In the kind Air of this new *Eden* blest,  
 Percht on each bough, and Palaces their nest ;  
 No more by frightening Laws forc'd to obscure flight,  
 And gloomy walks, like obscene Birds of Night ;  
 Their warbling Notes like *Philomel* shall sing,  
 And like the Bird of *Paradise* their wing.  
 Thus *Israels* Heir their raviht Souls all fired ;  
 For all things to their ardent hopes conspired.

His very youth a Bigot Mother bred,  
 And tainted even the Milk on which he fed.  
 Him onely of her Sons design'd for *Baals*  
 Great Champion 'gainst *Jersalems* proud Walls ;  
 Him dipt in *Stygian* Lake, by timely craft,  
 Invulnerable made against Truths pointed shaft.

But

But to confirm his early poyson'd Faith,  
 'Twas in the curst Forreign Tents of *Gath*,  
 'Twas there that he was lost. There *Absolon*  
 By *David's* fatal Banishment undone,  
 Saw their false Gods till in their Fires he burn'd,  
 Truths Manna, for *Egyptian* Fleshpots, scorn'd.  
 Not *David* so; for he Faiths Champion Lord,  
 Their Altars loath'd, and prophane Rites abhor'd:  
 Whilst his firm Soul on wings of *Cherubs* rod,  
 And tun'd his Lyre to nought but *Abrahams* God.  
 Thus the gay *Israel* her long Tears quite dry'd,  
 Her restord *David* met in all her Pride;  
 Three Brothers saw by Miracle brought back,  
 Like *Noahs* Sons sav'd from the worlds great wrack;  
 An unbelieving *Ham* graced on each hand,  
 'Twixt God-like *Shem*, and pious *Japhet* stand.

'Tis true, when *David*, all his storms blown o're,  
 Wafted by Prodigies to *Jordan's* shore,  
 (So swift a Revolution, yet so calm)  
 Had cur'd an Ages wounds with one days Balm;  
 Here the returning *Absolon* his vows  
 With *Israel* joyns, and at their Altars bows.  
 Perhaps surpriz'd at such strange blessings show'd,  
 Such wonders shewn both t'*Israels* Faith, and Lord,  
 His Restoration-Miracle he thought  
 Could by no less than *Israels* God be wrought.  
 Whilst the enlightned *Absolon* thus kneels,  
 Thus dancing to the sound of *Aarons* Bells,  
 What dazling Rays did *Israels* Heir adorn,  
 So bright his Sun in his unclouded Morn!  
 'Twas then his leading hand in Battle drew  
 That Sword that *David's* fam'd ten thousand slew:  
*David's* the Cause, but *Absolons* the Arm.  
 Then he could win all Hearts, all Tongues could charm:  
 Whilst with his praise the echoing plains all rung,  
 A thousand Timbrels play'd, a thousand Virgins sung;  
 And in the zeal of every jocund Soul,  
*Absolons* Health with *David's* crown'd one Bowl.

Had he fixt here, yes, Fate, had he fixt here,  
 To Man so Sacred, and to Heav'n so dear,

What



What could he want that Hands, Hearts, Lives could pay,  
 Or Tributary Worlds beneath his feet could lay?  
 What Knees, what Necks to mount him on his Throne?  
 What Gems, what Stars to sparkle in his Crown?  
 So pleas'd, so charmd, had *Heaven's* Genius mild.  
 But oh, Ye Powers, by treacherous snakes beguil'd,  
 Into a more than *Adams* Curse he run,  
 Tasting that Fruit has *Israel's* World undone,  
 Nay, wretched even below his falling State,  
 Wants *Adams* Eyes to see his *Adams* Fate.  
 In vain was *David's* Harp and *Israel's* Quire;  
 For his Conversion all in vain conspire;  
 For though their influence a while retires,  
 His own false Planets were th' Ascendant Fires.  
 Heav'n had no lasting Miracle design'd;  
 It did a while his fatal Torrent bind.  
 As *Joshua's* Wand did *Jordan's* Streams divide,  
 And rang'd the watry Mountains on each side.  
 But when the marching *Israel* once got o'er,  
 Down crack the Chrystal Walls; the Billows pour,  
 And in their old impetuous Channel roar.

At this last stroke thus totally o'rethrown,  
 Apostasie now seal'd him all her own.  
 Here ope'd that gaping Breach, that fatal door,  
 Which now let in a thousand Ruines more.  
 All the bright Virtues, and each dazzling Grace,  
 Which his rich Veins drew from a God-like Race;  
 The Mercy, and the Clemency Divine,  
 Those Sacred Beams which in mild *David* shine;  
 Those Royal Sparks, his Native Seeds of Light,  
 Were all put out, and left a Starless Night.  
 A long farewell to all that's Great and Brave:  
 Not Cataracts more headstrong; as the Grave  
 Inexorable; Sullen and Untun'd  
 As Pride depos'd; scarce *Lucifer* dethron'd  
 More Unforgiving; his enchanted Soul  
 Had drank so deep of the bewitching Bowl,  
 Till he whose hand, with *Judah's* Standard, bore  
 Her Martial Thunder to the *Tyrian* shore,  
 Arm'd in her Wars, and in her Laurels crown'd;  
 Now, all forgotten, at one stagg'ring wound,

Falling from *Israels* Faith ; from *Israels* Cause,  
 Peace, Honour, Int'rest, all at once withdraws ;  
 Nor is he deaf to *Kingdoms* Groans alone,  
 But could behold even *David's* shaking Throne ;  
*David*, whose Bounty rais'd his glittering Pride,  
 The Basis of his Glories Pyramide.  
 But Duty, Gratitude, all ruin'd fall ;  
 Zeal blazes, and Oblivion swallows all.  
 So *Sodom* did both burnt and drown'd expire ;  
 A poyson'd Lake succeeds a Pile of Fire.

On this Foundation *Baals* last Hope was built,  
 The sure Retreat for all their Sallying Guilt :  
 A Royal Harbour, where the rowling Pride  
 Of *Israels* Foes might safe at Anchor ride ;  
 Defie all Dangers, and even Tempests scorn,  
 Though *Judah's* God should Thunder in the Storm.

Here *Israels* Laws, the dull Levitic Rolls,  
 At once a clog to Empire, and to Souls,  
 Are the first Martyrs to the Fire they doom,  
 To make great *Baals* Triumphant Legends room.  
 But ere their hands this glorious work can Crown,  
 Their long-known Foe the Sanedrin must down ;  
 Sanedrins the Free-born *Israels* Sacred Right,  
 That God-like Ballance of Imperial Might ;  
 Where Subjects are from Tyrant-Lords set free,  
 From that wild Thing unbounded man would be ;  
 Where Pow'r and Clemency are poy'd so even,  
 A Constitution that resembles Heav'n.  
 So in th'united great THREE-ONE we find  
 A Saving with a Dooming Godhead joyn'd.  
 (But why, oh why ! if such restraining pow'r  
 Can bind Omnipotence, should Kings wish more ?)  
 A Constitution so Divinely mixt,  
 Not Natures bounded Elements more fixt.  
 Thus Earths vast Frame with firm and solid ground,  
 Stands in a foaming Ocean circled round ;  
 Yet This not overflowing. That not drown'd.  
 But to rebuild their Altars, and enstal  
 Their Moulten Gods, the Sanedrin must fall ;

That



That Constellation of the Jewish Pow'r,  
 All blotted from its Orb must shine no more;  
 Or stamp'd in *Pharaoh's* darling Mould, must quit  
 Their Native Beams, for a new-model'd Light;  
 Like *Egypt's* Sanedrins, their influence gone,  
 Flash but like empty Meteors round the Throne:  
 That that new Lord may *Judah's* Scepter wield,  
 To whom th'old Brickill Taskmasters must yield;  
 Who, to erect new Temples for his Gods,  
 Shall th'enlav'd *Israel* drive with Iron Rods;  
 If they want Bricks for his new Walls to aspire,  
 To their sad cost, he'll find 'em Straw and Fire.

All this reflect, and their new Fabrick build;  
 Both close Cabals and Forreign Leagues are held:  
 To *Babylon* and *Egypt* they send o're,  
 And both their Conduct and their Gold implore.  
 By such Abettors the fly Game was plaid;  
 One of their Chiefs a Jewish Renegade,  
 High-born in *Israel*, one *Michals* Priest,  
 But now in *Babylon's* proud Scarlet dress.  
 'Tis to his Hands the Plotting Mandats come  
 Subscrib'd by the Apostate *Absalom*.  
 Nay, and to keep themselves all danger-proof,  
 That none might track the *Belial* by his Hoof,  
 Their Correspondence veil'd from prying Eyes,  
 In Hieroglyphick Figures they disguise.  
 Husht as the Night, in which their Plots combin'd,  
 And silent as the Graves they had design'd,  
 Their Ripening Mischiefs to perfection sprung.  
 But oh! the much-loath'd *David* lives too long.  
 Their Vultures cannot mount but from his Tomb;  
 And with too hungry ravenous Gorges come,  
 To be by airy Expectation fed.  
 No Prey, no Spoil, before they see Him Dead.  
 Yes, Dead; the Royal Sands too slowly pass,  
 And therefore they're resolv'd to break the Glass:  
 And to ensure Times tardy dubious Call,  
 Decree their Daggers should his Sythe forestall.  
 For th'execrable Deed a Hirceling Crew  
 Their Hell and They pick out; whom to make true;

An Oath of Force so exquisite they frame,  
 Sworn in the Blood of *Israel's* Paschal Lamb.  
 If false, the Vengeance of that Sword that slew  
*Egypt's* First-born, their perjur'd Heads pursue.  
 Strong was the Oath, the Imprecation dire ;  
 And for a Viand, lest their Guilt should tire,  
 With promis'd Paradise they cheer their way ;  
 And bold's the Souldier who has Heav'n his pay.

But the ne'r-sleeping Providence that stands  
 With jealous Eyes o're Truths up-lifted Hands ;  
 That still in its Lov'd *Israel* takes delight,  
 Their Cloud by Day, and Guardian Fire by Night ;  
 A Ray from out its Fiery Pillar cast,  
 That overlook'd their driving *Jebn's* hast.  
 All's ruin'd and betray'd : their own false Slaves  
 Detect the Plot, and dig their Masters Graves :  
 Not Oaths nor Bribes shall bind, when great *Jehovah* saves. }  
 The frightened *Israelites* take the Alarm,  
 Resolve the Traitors Sorceries t'uncharm :  
 Till cursing, raving, mad, and drunk with Rage,  
 In *Ammons* Blood their franctick Hands engage.

Here let the Ghost of strangl'd *Amnon* come,  
 A Specter that will strike Amazement dumb ;  
*Amnon* the Proto-Martyr of the Plot,  
 The Murder'd *Amnon*, their Eternal Blot ;  
 Whose too bold zeal stood like a *Pharos* Light,  
*Israel* to warn, and track their Deeds of Night.  
 Till the sly Foe his unseen Game to play,  
 Put out the Beacon to secure his way.  
*Baals* Cabinet-Intrigues he open spread,  
 The Ravisht *Tamar* for whose sake he bled.  
 T'unveil their Temple and expose their Gods,  
 Deserv'd their vengeance severest Rods :  
 Wrath he deserv'd, and had the Vial full.  
 To lay those Devils had possess'd his Soul,  
 His silenc'd Fiends from his wrung Neck they twist ;  
 Whilst his kind Murd'rer's but his Exorcist.  
 Here draw, bold Painter, (if thy Pencil dare  
 Unshaking write, what *Israel* quak'd to hear.)



A Royal Altar pregnant with a Load  
 Of Humane Bones beneath a Breaden God;  
 Altars so rich not *Molocks* Temples show;  
 'Twas Heaven above, and *Golgotha* below.  
 Yet are not all the Mystick Rites yet done :  
 Their pious Fury does not stop so soon.  
 But to pursue the loud-tongu'd Wounds they gave,  
 Resolves to stab his Fame beyond the Grave,  
 And in Eternal Infamy to brand  
 With *Ammons* Murder, *Ammons* righteous Hand.  
 Here with a Bloodless wound, by Hellish Art,  
 With his own Sword they goar his Lifeless Heart.  
 Thus in a Ditch the butcher'd *Amnon* lay,  
 A Deed of Night enough to have kept back the Day.  
 Had not the Sun in Sacred vengeance rose,  
 Asham'd to see, but prouder to disclose,  
 Warm'd with new Fires, with all his posting speed,  
 Brought Heav'n's bright Lamp to shew th'Infernal Deed.

What art thou, Church ! when Faith to propagate,  
 And crush all Bars that stop thy growing state,  
 Thou break'st through Natures, Gods, and Humane Laws,  
 Whilst Murder's Merit in a Churches Cause.  
 How much thy Ladder *Jacobs* does excel :  
 Whose Top's in Heaven like His, but Foot in Hell ;  
 Thy Causes bloody Champions to befriend,  
 For Fiends to Mount, as Angels to Descend.

This was the stroke did th'alarm'd World surprize,  
 And even to infidelity lent Eyes:  
 Whilst sweating *Absolon* in *Israel* pent,  
 For fresher Air was to bleak *Hebron* sent.  
 Cold *Hebron* warm'd by his approaching sight,  
 Flusht with his Gold, and glow'd with new delight.  
 Till Sacred all-converting Interest  
 To Loyalty, their almost unknown Guest,  
 Oped a broad Gate, from whence forth-issuing come,  
 Decrees, Tests, Oaths, for well-sooth'd *Absolon*.  
 Spight of that Guilt that made even Angels fall,  
 An unbarr'd Heir shall Reign : In spight of all  
 Apostacy from Heav'n, or Natures ties,  
 Though for his Throne a *Cain*-built Palace rise,

No wonder *Hebron* such Devotion bears  
 T'Imperial Dignity, and Royal Heirs;  
 For they, whom Chronicle so high renowns  
 For selling Kings, should know the price of Crowns.

Here, Glorious *Hushai*, let me mourn thy Fate;  
 Thou once great Pillar of the *Midian* State;  
 Yet now to Dungeons sent, and doom'd t'a Grave;  
 But Chains are no new Sufferings to the Brave.  
 Witness thy pains in six years Bonds endur'd,  
 For *Israels* Faith, and *David's* Cause immur'd!  
 Death too thou oft for *Judah's* Crown hast stood,  
 So bravely fac'd in several Fields of Blood.  
 But from Fates Pinnacle now headlong cast,  
 Life, Honour, all are ruin'd at a Blast.  
 For *Absolons* great LA W thou durst explain;  
 Where but to pry, bold Lord, was to prophane;  
 A Law that did his Mystic God-head couch,  
 Like th'Ark of God, and no less Death to touch:  
 Forgot are now thy Honourable Scars,  
 Thy Loyal Toyls, and Wounds in *Judah's* Wars.  
 Had thy pil'd Trophies *Babel*-high, reacht Heav'n,  
 Yet by one stroke from *Absolons* Thunder given,  
 Thy trowing Glorie's level'd to the ground;  
 A stroke does all thy Tongues of Fame confound,  
 And, Traitor, now is all the Voice they sound.  
 True, thou hadst Law; that even thy Foes allow;  
 But to thy Advocates, as damn'd as Thou,  
 'Twas Death to plead it. Artless *Absolon*.  
 The Bloody Banner to display so soon:  
 Such killing Beams from thy young Day-break shot;  
 What will the Noon be, if the Morn's so hot?  
 Yes, dreadful Heir, the Coward *Hebron* awe.  
 So the young Lion tries his tender Paw.  
 At a poor Herd of feeble Heifers flies,  
 Ere the rough Bear, tusk'd Boar, or spotted Leopard dies.  
 Thus flusht, great Sir, thy strength in *Israel* try:  
 When their Cow'd Sanedrims shall prostrate lye,  
 And to thy feet their slavish Necks shall yield;  
 Then raign the Princely Savage of the Field.



Yes, *Israels* Sanedrin, 'twas they alone  
 That set too high a Value on a Throne;  
 Thought they had a God was Worthy to be serv'd;  
 A Faith maintain'd, and Liberty preserv'd.  
 And therefore judg'd, for Safety and Renown  
 Of *Israels* People, Altars, Laws and Crown,  
 Th'Anointing Drops on Royal Temples shed  
 Too precious Showrs for an Apostates Head.  
 Then was that great Deliberate Council giv'n,  
 An Act of Justice both to Man and Heav'n,  
*Israels* conspiring Foes to overthrow,  
 That *Absolon* should th' Hopes of Crowns forgo,  
 Debarr'd Succession! oh that dismal sound  
 A sound, at which *Baal* stagger'd, and Hell groan'd;  
 A sound that with such dreadful Thunder fall'd,  
 'Twas heard even to *Semiramis* trembling Walls.

But hold! is this the Plots last Murd'ring Blow,  
 The dire divorce of Soul and Body? No.  
 The mangled Snake, yet warm, to Life they'll bring,  
 And each disjoynted Limb together cling.  
 Then thus *Baals* wife consulting Prophets cheer'd  
 Their pensive Sons, and call'd the scatter'd Herd.

Are we quite ruin'd! No, mistaken Doom,  
 Still the great Day, yes that great Day shall come,  
 (Oh, rouse our fainting Sons, and droop no more.)  
 A Day, whose Luster, our long Clouds blown o're,  
 Not all the Rage of *Israel* shall annoy,  
 No, nor denouncing Sanedrims destroy.  
 See yon North-Pole, and mark *Boötes* Carr:  
 Oh! we have those Influencing Aspects there,  
 Those Friendly pow'rs that drive in that bright Wain,  
 Shall redeem All, and our lost Ground regain.  
 Whilst to our Glory their kind Aid stands fast,  
 But one Plot more, our Greatest and our Last.

Now for a Product of that subtle kind,  
 As far above their former Births refin'd,  
 As Firmamental Fires t'a Tapers ray,  
 Or Prodigies to Natures common Clay.

Empires

Empires in Blood, or Cities in a Flanie,  
 Are work for vulgar Hands, scarce worth a Name.  
 A Cake of *Shew-bread* from an Altar ta'ne,  
 Mixt but with some Levitical King-bane,  
 Has sent a Martyr'd Monarch to his Grave.  
 Nay, a poor Mendicant Church-Rake-hell slave  
 Has stab'd Crown'd Heads; slight Work to hands well-skill'd;  
 Slight as the Pebble that *Goliath* kill'd.  
 But to make Plots no Plots, to clear all Taints,  
 Traitors transform to Innocents, Fiends to Saints,  
 Reason to Nonsense, Truth to Perjury;  
 Nay, make their own attesting Records lye,  
 And even the gaping Wounds of Murder whole:  
 I, this last Masterpiece requires a Soul:  
 Guilt to unmake, and Plots annihilate,  
 Is much a greater work than to create.  
 Nay both at once to be, and not to be,  
 Is such a Task would pose a Deity.  
 Let *Baal* do this, and be a God indeed:  
 Yes, t'his Immortal Honour 'tis decreed,  
 His Sanguine Robe though dipt in reeking Gore,  
 With purity and Innocence all o're,  
 Shall dry, and spotless from the purple hue,  
 The Miracle of *Gideons* Fleece outdo.  
 Yes, they're resolv'd, in all their foes despite,  
 To wash their more than *Ethiop* Treason White.

But now for Heads to manage the Design,  
 Fit Engineers to labour in this Mine.  
 For their own hands 'twere fatal to employ:  
 Should *Baal* appear, it would *Baals* Cause destroy.  
 Alas, should onely their own Trumpets sound  
 Their Innocence, the jealous Ears around  
 All Infidels would the loath'd Charmer fly,  
 And through the Angels voice the Fiend descry.  
 No, this last game wants a new plotting Set,  
 And *Israel* only now can *Israel* cheat.  
 In this Machine their profest Foes must move,  
 Whilst *Baal* absconding sits in Clouds above,  
 From whence unseen he guides their bidden way:  
 For he may prompt, although he must not play.



This to effect a sort of Tools they find,  
 Devotion-Rovers, an Amphibious Kind,  
 Of no Religion, yet like Walls of Steel  
 Strong for the Altars where their Princes kneel;  
 Imperial not Celestial is their Test,  
 The Uppermost, indisputably Best.  
 They always in the golden Chariot rod,  
 Honour their Heav'n, and Interest their God:

Of these then subtil *Caleb* none more Great,  
*Caleb* who shines where his lost Father set;  
 Got by that fire, who not content alone,  
 To shade the brightest Jewel in a Crown,  
 Preaching Ingratitude to Court and Throne;  
 But made his Politicks the baneful Root  
 From whence the springing Woes of *Israel* shoot,  
 When his Great Masters fatal *Gordian* tyed,  
 He laid the barren *Michal* by his side;  
 That the ador'd *Absolons* immortal Line  
 Might on *Judeas* Throne for ever shine.  
*Caleb*, who does that hardy Pilot make,  
 Steering in that Hereditary Track,  
 Blind to the Sea-Mark of a Fathers Wrack.

Next *Jonas* stands bull-fac'd, but chicken-soul'd,  
 Who once the silver Sanedrin controul'd,  
 Their Gold-tip'd Tongue; Gold his great Councils Bawd;  
 Till by succeeding Sanedrins outlaw'd,  
 He was prefer'd to guard the sacred Store:  
 There Lordly rowling in whole Mines of Oar;  
 To Diceing Lords, a Cully-Favourite,  
 He prostitutes whole *Cargoes* in a Night.  
 Here to the Top of his Ambition come,  
 Fills all his Sayls for hopeful *Absolom*.  
 For his Religion's as the Season calls,  
 Gods in Possession, in Reversion *Baals*.  
 He bears himself a Dove to Mortal Race,  
 And though not Man, he can look Heav'n i'th Face,  
 Never was Compound of more different Stuff,  
 A Heart in Lambskin, and a Conscience Buff.

Let not that Hideous Bulk of Honour scape,  
*Nadab* that sets the gazing Crowd agape:  
 That old Kirk-founder, whose course Croak could sing  
 The Saints, the Cause, no Bishop, and no King:

When Greatness clear'd his Throat, and scowr'd his Maw,  
 Roard out Succession, and the Penal Law.  
 Not so of old : another sound went forth,  
 When in the Region from *Judea* North,  
 By the Triumphant *Saul* he was employ'd,  
 A huge fang Tusk to goar poor *David's* side.  
 Like a Proboscis in the Tyrants Jaw,  
 To rend and root through Government and Law.  
 His hand that Hell-penn'd League of *Belial* drew,  
 That Swore down Kings, Religion overthrew,  
 Great *David* banisht, and Gods Prophets flew.  
 Nor does the Courts long Sun so powerful shine;  
 T'exhale his Vapours, or his Dross refine;  
 Nor is the Métal mended by the stamp.  
 With his rank oyl he feeds the Royal Lamp,  
 To Sanedrins an everlasting Foe,  
 Resolv'd his Mighty Hunters overthrow.  
 And true to Tyranny, as th'only Jem,  
 That truly sparkles in a Diadem;  
 To *Absalons* side does his old Covenant bring,  
 With *State* raz'd out, and interlin'd with KING.  
 But *Nachabs* Zeal has too severe a Doom;  
 Whilst serving an ungrateful *Absalom*,  
 His strength all spent his Greatness to create,  
 He's now laid by a cast-out Drone of State.  
 He how'd that Game by which he is undone;  
 By fleeter Coursers now so far outrun,  
 That fiercer Mightier *Nimrod* in the Chace,  
 Till quite thrown out, and lost he quits the Race.

Of Low-born Tools we bawling *Shimei* saw,  
*Jerusalem's* late loud-tongu'd MOUTH of Law.  
 By Blessings from Almighty Bounty given,  
*Shimei* no common Favorite of Heaven.  
 Whom, lest Posterity should loose the Breed,  
 In five short Moons indulgent Heav'n rais'd Seed;  
 Made happy in an Early-teeming Bride,  
 And laid a lovely Heiress by her side.  
 Whilst the glad Father's so divinely blest,  
 That like the Stag proud of his Brow so drest,  
 He brandishes his lofty City-Crest.

Twas



'Twas in *Jerusalem* was *Shimei* hurt,  
*Jerusalem* by *Baals* Prophets ever curst,  
 The greatest Block that stops 'em in their way,  
 For which she once in Dust and Ashes lay.  
 Here to the Bar this whistling Lurcher came,  
 And barked to rowze the nobler Hunters Game.  
 But *Shimei's* Lungs might well be stretcht so far;  
 For steering by a Court-Ascendant Star,  
 For daily Oracles he does address,  
 To the *Egyptian* Beauteous Sorcerers.  
 For *Pharoah* when he wisely did essay  
 To bear the long-fought Golden Prize away,  
 That fair Enchantress sent, whose Magick Skill  
 Should keep great *Israels* sleeping Dragon still.  
 Thus by her powerful inspirations fed,  
 To bite their Heels this City-Snake was bred,  
 Till *Absalon* got strength to bruise their Head.  
 Of all the Heroes since the world began,  
 To *Shimei* *Josuah* was the bravest Man.  
 To Him his Tutelar Saint he prays, and oh,  
 That great *Jerusalem* were like *Jericob*!  
 Then bellowing lowd for *Josuahs* Spirit calls,  
 Because his Rams-horn blew down City-Walls.

In the same Roll have we grave *Corah* seen,  
*Corah*, the late chief Scarlet *Abbeibdin*.  
*Corah*, who luckily i'th' Bench was got,  
 To toss the Bloodhounds off to save the Plot.  
*Corah*, who once against *Baals* Impious Cause,  
 Stood strong for *Israels* Faith and *David's* Laws.  
 He poys'd his Scales, and shook his ponderous Sword,  
 Lowd as his Fathers *Basan-Bulls* he roar'd;  
 Till by a Dose of Foreign *Ophir* drencht,  
 The Feavour of his Burning Zeal was Quench't.  
*Ophir*, that rescu'd the Court-Drugsters Fate,  
 Sent in the Nick to gild his Pills of State.  
 Whilst the kind Skill of our Law-Emperick,  
 Sublim'd his Mercury to save his Neck.  
 In Law, they say, he had but a slender Mite,  
 And Sense he had less: for as Historians write,  
 The *Arabian* Legate laid a Snare so gay,  
 As Spirited his little Wits away.

Of the Records of Law he fancied none  
 Like the Commandment Tables graved in Stone:  
 And wish'd the *Talmude* such, that Sovereign sway  
 When once displeased might th'angry *Moses* play.  
 Onely his Law was Brittle i'th' wrong place:  
 For had our *Corah* been in *Moses* Case,  
 The Fury of his Zeal had been employ'd  
 To build that Calf which th'others Rage destroy'd.  
 Thus *Corah*, *Baals* true Fayry Changeling made,  
 He Bleated onely as the *Pharisees* pray'd,  
 All to advance that future Tyrant pow'r,  
 Should Widows Houses gorge, and Orphans Tears devour.

Nor are these all their Instruments ; to prop  
 Their Mighty Cause, and *Israels* Murmurs stop ;  
 They find a sort of Academick Tools ;  
 Who by the Politick Doctrine of their Schools,  
 Betwixt Reward, Pride, Avarice, Hope and Fear,  
 Prizing their Heav'n too cheap, the World too dear,  
 Stand bold and strong for *Absolons* Defence :  
 Interest the Thing, but Conscience the Pretence.  
 These to ensure him for their *Sions* King,  
 A Right Divine quite down from *Adam* bring,  
 That old Levitick Engine of Renown,  
 That makes no Taint of Souls a bar t'a Crown.  
 'Tis true, Religions constant Champion vow'd,  
 Each open-mouth'd, with Pulpit-Thunder lowd,  
 Against false Gods, and Idol Temples bawls ;  
 Yet lays the very Stones that raise their Walls.  
 They preach up Hell to those that *Baal* adore,  
 Yet make't Damnation to oppose his pow'r.  
 So far this Paradox of Conscience run,  
 Till *Israels* Faith pulls *Israels* Altars down.  
 Grant Heav'n they don't to *Baal* so far make way,  
 Those fatal *Wands* before their Sheepfolds lay,  
 Such Motley Principles amongst them thrown,  
 Shall nurse that Py-ball'd Flock that's half his own.  
 Nor may they say, when *Molocks* Hands draw nigher,  
 We built the Pile, whilst *Baal* but gives it fire.

If Monarchy in *Adam* first begun,  
 When the Worlds Monarch dug, and his Queen spun,  
 And



His Fig-leaves his first Coronation Robe,  
 His Spade his Scepter, and her Wheel his Globe;  
 And Royal Birthright, as their Schools assert,  
 Not Kings themselves with Conscience can divert;  
 How came the World possess'd by Adams Sons,  
 Such various Principalities, Powres, Thrones?  
 When each went out and chose what Lands he pleas'd,  
 Whilst a new Family new Kingdoms rais'd  
 His Sons assuming what he could not give,  
 Their Sovereign Sires right Heir they did deprive;  
 And from Rebellion all their pow'r derive:  
 For were there an original Majesty  
 Upheld by Right Divine, the World should be  
 Onely one Universal Monarchy.  
 O cruel Right Divine, more full of Fate,  
 Then th' Angels flaming Sword at Edens Gate,  
 Such early Treason through Mankind convey'd,  
 And at the door of Infant Nature layd.  
 For Right Divine in Esau's just defence,  
 Why don't they quarrel with Omnipotence,  
 The first-born Esau's Right to Jacob giv'n,  
 And Gods gift too, Injustice charge on Heav'n.  
 Nay, let Heav'n answer this one Fact alone,  
 Mounting a Bastard *Jephtha* on a Throne.  
 If Kings and Sanedrims those Laws could make,  
 Which from offending Heirs their Heads can take;  
 And a First-born can forfeit Life and Throne,  
 And all by Law: why not a Crown alone?  
 Strange-bounded Law-makers! whose pow'r can throw  
 The deadlier Bolt, can't give the weaker Blow.  
 A Treasonous Act, nay, but a Treasonous Breath  
 Against offended Majesty is Death.  
 But, oh! the wondrous Church-distinction given  
 Between the Majesty of Kings and Heav'n!  
 The venial sinner here, he that intreats  
 With Egypt, Babylon; Cabals, Plots, Leagues  
 With Israels Foes her Altars to destroy,  
 A Hair untouch'd, shall Health, Peace, Crowns enjoy.

Truths Temple thus the Exhalations bred  
 From her own Bowels, to obscure her Head.

And *Absolom* already had subdu'd  
 Whole Crowds of the unthinking Multitude;  
 But through these Wiles too weak to catch the Wife,  
 Thin as their Ephod-Lawn, a Cobweb Net for Flies,  
 The searching Sanedrim saw; and to dispel  
 Th'ingendring Mists that threatned *Isaiah*,  
 They still resolv'd their Plotting Foes defeat,  
 By barring *Absolom* th'Imperial-Seat.

But here's his greatest Tug; could he but make  
 Th'excluding Sanedrims Resolves once shake;  
 Nay, make the smallest Breach, or clashing Jar,  
 In their great Council, push but home so far,  
 And the great Point's secur'd.---And, lo! among  
 The Princely Heads of that Illustrious Throng,  
 He saw rich Veins with Noble Blood new fill'd;  
 Others who Honour from Dependance held.  
 Some with exhausted Fortunes, to support  
 Their Greatness, propt with Crutches from a Court.  
 These for their Countries Right their Votes still pass,  
 Mov'd like the Water in a Weather-glass,  
 Higher or lower, as the powerful Charm  
 Oth' Sovereign Hand is either cool or warm.  
 Here must th'Attacque be made, for well we know  
 Reason and Titles from one Fountain flow:  
 Whilst Favour Men no less than Fortunes builds,  
 And Honour ever Moulds as well as Guilds.  
 Honour that still does even new Souls inspire;  
 Honour more powerful than the Heav'n-stoln Fire.  
 These must be wrought to *Absolom*'s Defence,  
 For though to baffle the whole Sanedrims Sence,  
 T'attempt Impossibles would be in vain;  
 Yet 'tis enough but to Divide and Reign.

Here though small Force such easie Converts draws,  
 Yet 'tis thought fit in glory to their Cause,  
 Some learned Champion of prodigious Sence,  
 With Mighty and long studied Eloquence,  
 Should with a kind of Inspiration rise,  
 And the unguarded Sanedrim surprize;  
 And such resistless conquering Reasons press,  
 To charm their vanquisht Souls, that the Success  
 Might look like Conscience, though 'tis nothing less. } For



For this Design no Head nor Tongue so well,  
 As that of the profound *Achitophel*.  
 How, great *Achitophel*! his Hand, his Tongue!  
*Babylons* Mortal Foe; he who so long  
 With haughty Sullenness, and scornful Lowr,  
 Had loath'd false Gods, and Arbitrary pow'r,  
 'Gainst *Baal* no Combatant more fierce than he;  
 For *Israels* asserted Liberty,  
 No Man more bold; with generous Rage enflam'd;  
 Against the old enslaving Yoke declam'd.  
 Besides, he bore a most peculiar Hate  
 To sleeping Pilots, all Earth-clogs of State.  
 None more abhor'd the Sycophant, Buffoon,  
 And Parasite, th'excrecence of a Throne;  
 Creatures who their creating Sun disgrace,  
 A Brood more abject than *Niles* Slime-born Race;  
 Such was the Brave *Achitophel*; a Mind,  
 (If but the Heart and Face were of a kind)  
 So far from being by one base Thought depriv'd,  
 That sure half ten such Souls had *Sodom* sav'd.  
 Here *Baals* Cabal *Achitophel* survey'd,  
 And dash'd with wonder, half despairing said,  
 Is this the Hand that *Absolon* must Crown,  
 The Founder of his Temples, Palace Throne?  
 This, This the mighty Convert we must make?  
 Gods, h'has a Soul not all our Arts can shake.

At this a Wiser graver Head slept out,  
 And with this Language chid their groundless Doubt;  
 For shame, no more; what is't that frights you thus?  
 Is it his Hatred of our God, and us,  
 Makes him so formidable in your Eye?  
 Or is't his Wit, Sense, Honour, Bravery?  
 Give him a thousand Virtues more, and plant  
 Them round him like a Wall of Adamant,  
 Strong as the Gates of Heaven; we'll reach his Heart;  
 Cheer, cheer, my Friends; I've found one Mortal part.  
 For he has *Pride*, a vast insatiate *Pride*,  
 Kind Stars, he's vulnerable on that side.  
 Pride that made Angels fall; and Pride that hurl'd  
 Entay'd Destruction through a ruin'd World.

*Adam* from Pride to Disobedience ran :

To be like Gods, made a lost wretched Man-  
There, there, my Sons, let our pour'd strength all fly :  
For some bold Tempter now to rap him high,  
From Pinnacles to Mountain Tops, and show  
The gaudy Glories of the World below.

At which the Consult came to this Design,  
To work him by a kind of Touch Divine.  
To raise some holy Spright to do the Feat.  
Nothing like Dreams, and Visions to the Great.  
Did not a little Witch of *Endor*, bring  
A Visionary Seer t'a cheated King ?  
And shall their greater Magick want Success,  
Their more Illustrious Sorceries do less !

This final Resolution made, at last  
Some Mystick words, and invocations past,  
They call'd the Spirit of a late Court-Scribe ;  
Once a true Servant of the Plotting Tribe :  
When both with Foreign and Domestick Cost,  
He plaid the feasted Sanedrims kind Host.  
H'had scribbled much, and like a Patriot bold,  
Bid high for *Israel's* Peace with *Egypt's* Gold.  
But since a Martyr. (Why ! as Writers think,  
His Masters Hand had over-gall'd his Ink.)  
And by protesting *Absolom's* wise care,  
Popt into Brimstone ere he was aware.  
Him from the Grave they rais'd, in ample kind,  
His sever'd Head to his seer Quarters joyn'd ;  
Then cas'd his Chin in a false Beard so well,  
As made him pass for Father *Samuel*.  
Him thus equipt in a Religious Cloak,  
They thus his new-made Reverence bespoke.

Go, awful Spright, hast to *Achitophel*,  
Rouze his great Soul, use every Art, Charm, Spell :  
For *Absolom* thy utmost Rhetorick try,  
Preach him Succession, roar'd Succession cry,  
Succession drest in all her glorious pride,  
Succession Worshipt, Sanctified, Deify'd.



Conjure him by Divine and Humane Pow'r,  
 Convince, Convert, Confound, make him but ours;  
 That *Absolon* may mount on *Judah's* Throne,  
 Whilst all the World before us is our own.

The forward Spright but few Instructions lackt;  
 Strait by the Moons pale light away he packt;  
 And in a trice, his Curtains opened wide,  
 He fate him by *Achitophels* Bed-side.  
 And in this style his artful *Attention* ran

Hear *Israels* Hope, thou more than happy Man,  
 Beloved on high, witness this Honour done  
 By Father *Samuel*, and believe me, Son,  
 'Tis by no common Mandate of a God,  
 A Soul beatified, the blest *Abba* said  
 Thus low deserting, quits *Immanuel's* Throne;  
 And from his Grave resumes his fleecing Rod;  
 But Heav'n's the Guide, and wand'ring he will say,  
 Divine the Embassie, hear, and obey;  
 How long, *Achitophel*, and how profound  
 A Mist of Hell has thy lost Reason drowned  
 Can the Apostacy from *Israels* Faith,  
 In *Israels* Heir, deserve a muzzling Breath  
 Or to preserve Religion, Liberty,  
 Peace, Nations, Souls, is that a Cause so light  
 As the Right Heir from Empire to debar  
 Forbid it Heav'n, and guard him every Star.  
 Alas, what if an Heir of Royal Race,  
 Gods Glory and his Temple will deface,  
 And make a prey of your Estates, Lives, Laws;  
 Nay, give your Sons to *Moloch's* burning paws;  
 Shall you exclude him? hold that Impious Hand,  
 As *Abraham* gave his Son at Gods Command,  
 Think still he does by *Divine* Right succeed:  
 God bids Him Reign, and you should bid Them Bleed  
 'Tis true, as Heav'n's Elect *Flock*, you may  
 For his Conversions, and your safety pray  
 But Pray'rs are all, To *Disinfect* him,  
 The very Thought, nay, Word is self-*Crime*.  
 For that's the MEANS of safety? but *Heav'n*,  
 For Means are Impious in the Sons of *Pray'r*.

• To Miracles alone your Safety owe;  
 And *Abraham's* Angel wait to stop the Blow.  
 Yes, what if his polluted Throne be strow'd  
 With Sacrilege, Idolatry, and Blood;  
 And 'tis you mount him there; you're innocent still:  
 For he's a King, and Kings can do no ill.  
 Oh Royal Birthright, 'tis a Sacred Name:  
 Rowze then *Achitophel*, rowze up for shame:  
 Let not this Lethargy thy Soul benum;  
 But wake, and save the Godlike *Abalom*.  
 And to reward thee for a Deed so great  
 Glut thy Desires, thy full-crown'd wishes meet,  
 Be with accumulated Honours blest,  
 And grasp a *STAR* to adorn thy shining Crest.

*Achitophel* before his Eyes could ope,  
 Dreamt of an Ephod, Miter, and a Cope.  
 Those visionary Robert his Eyes appear'd:  
 For Priestly all was the great Sense he heard.  
 But Priest or Prophet, Right Divine, or all  
 Together; 'twas not at their feeble call,  
 'Twas at the *Star* he wak'd; the *Star* but nam'd,  
 Flasht in his Eyes, and his rowz'd Soul inflam'd.  
 A *Star*, whose Influence had more powerful Light,  
 Then that Miraculous Wanderer of the Night,  
 Decreed to guide the Eastern Sages way:  
 Their's to adore a God, his to betray,

Here the new Convert more than half inspir'd,  
 Strait to his Closet and his Books retir'd.  
 There for all needful Arts in this extreme,  
 For knotty Sophistry a limber Theme,  
 Long brooding ere the Mals to Shape was brought,  
 And after many a tugging, heaving Thought,  
 Together a well-order'd Speech he draws  
 With ponderous Sounds for his much-labour'd Cause.  
 Then the astonisht Sinedrim he stunn'd  
 And with such doughty strength the Tug perform'd:  
 Fate did the Work with so much Conquest blest,  
 Wondrous the Champion, Glorious the Success.  
 So powerful Eloquence, so strong was Wit,  
 And with such Force the easie Wind falls hit.



But the entirist Hearts his Cause could steal,  
 Were the Levitick Chiefs of *Israel*.  
 None with more Rage the Impious Thought run down  
 Of barring *Absolon*, Pow'r, Wishes, Crown.  
 With so much vehemence, such fiery Zeal!  
 Oh, poor unhappy Church of *Israel*!  
 Thou feelst the Fate of the Arch-angels Wars,  
 The Dragons Tayl sweeps down thy Falling Stars.  
 Nay, the black Vote 'gainst *Absolon* appear'd  
 So monstrous, that they damnd it ere 'twas heard.  
 For Prelates ne'r in Sanedrims debate,  
 They argue in the Church, but not i'th State;  
 And when their Thoughts aslant towards Heav'n they turn,  
 They weigh each Grain of Incense that they burn,  
 But t'Heavens Vice-gerents, Soul, Sense, Reason, all,  
 Or right or wrong, like Hecatombs must fall.  
 And when State-business calls their Thoughts below,  
 Then like their own Church-Organ-Pipes they go.  
 Not  *Davids* Lyre could more his Touch obey:  
 For as their Princes breathe and strike, they play.  
 'Gainst Royal Will they never can dispute,  
 But by a strange *Tatamula* strook mute,  
 Dance to no other Tune but *Absolute*.  
 All Acts of Supreme Power they still admire:  
 'Tis Sacred, though to set the World on Fire,  
 Though Church-Infallibility they explode,  
 As making Humane knowledge equal God;  
 Infallible in a new name goes down,  
 Not in the Mitre lodged, but in the Crown.  
 'Tis true, blest *Deborahs* Laws they could forget:  
 (But want of Memory commends their Wit.)  
 Where 'twas enacted Treason, not to own  
 Hers and her Sanedrims right to place the Crown.  
 But her weak Heads oth' Church, mistaken fools,  
 Wanted the Light of their sublimer Schools:  
 For Divine Right could no such Forces bring.  
 But Wisdom now expands her wider Wing,  
 And Streams are ever deeper than the Spring.  
 Besides, they've sense of Honour, and who knows  
 How far the Gratitude of Priest-craft goes?

And

And what if now like old *Elisba* fed,  
To praise the Sooty Bird that brought 'em Bread;  
In pure acknowledgment, though in despight  
Of their own sense, they paint the Raven White.

*Achitophel* charm'd with kind Fortunes Smiles,  
Flusht with Success, now glows for bolder Toyls.  
Great Wits perverted greatest Mischiefs hold,  
As poysonous Vapors spring from Mines of Gold.  
And proud to see himself with Triumph blest,  
Thus to great *Absalom* himself address.

Illustrious Terrour of the World, all hayle :  
For ever like your Conquering Self prevaile.  
In spight of Malice in full Luster shine ;  
Be your each Action, Word, and Look Divine.  
Nay, though our Altars you've so long forborne ;  
To your derided Foes Defeat, and Scorne,  
For your Renown we have those Trumpets found,  
Shall ev'n this Deed your highest Glory sound.  
That spight of the ill-judging Worlds mistake,  
Your Soul still owns those Temples you forsake :  
Onely by all-commanding Honour driven,  
This self-denial you have made with Heav'n :  
Quitting our Altars, cause the Insolence  
Of prophane Sanedrims has driven you thence.  
A Prince his Faith to such low Slaves reveal !  
'Twas Treason though to God to bid You kneel.  
And what though senseless barking Murmurers scold,  
And with a Rage too blasphemously bold,  
Say *Israels* Crown's for *Esau's* Pottage sold.  
Let 'em rayl on ; and to strike Envy dumb ;  
May the Slaves live till that great Day shall come,  
When their husht Rage shall your keen Vengeance fly.  
And silenc'd with your Royal Thunder dye.  
Nay, to outsoar your weak Fore-fathers Wings,  
And to be all that Nature first meant Kings ;  
Damn'd be the Law that Majesty confines,  
But doubly damn'd accursed Sanedrims,  
Invented onely to eclipse a Crown.  
Oh throw that dull Mosaick Land-mark down.



The making Sanedrims a part of Pow'r,  
 Nurst but those Vipers which its Sire devour.  
 Lodg'd in the Pallace towards the Throne they press,  
 For Pow'r's Enjoyment does its Lust increase.  
 Allegiance onely is in Chains held fast;  
 Make Men here thrall, is here to let em tall.  
 Then, Royal Sir, be Sanedrims no more,  
 Lop off that rank Luxurious Branch of Pow'r:  
 Those hungry Scions from the Cedar root,  
 That its Imperial Head towards Heav'n may shoot.  
 When Lordly Sanedrims with Kings give Law,  
 And thus in yokes like Mules together draw,  
 From Judahs Arms the Royal Lyon raze,  
 And Issachars dull Ass supply the place.  
 If Kings o're common Mankind have this odds,  
 Are Gods Vicegerents; let em act like Gods.  
 As Man is Heav'n's own clay, which it may mould  
 For Honour or Dishonour, uncontrould,  
 And Monarchy is mov'd by Heav'nly Springs;  
 Why is not Humane Fate ith Breath of Kings?  
 Then, Sir, from Heav'n your great Example take,  
 And be th' unbounded Lord a King should make:  
 Resume what bold Invading Slaves engroft,  
 And onely Pow'r's Effeminacy lost.

To this kind *Absolom* but little spoke;  
 Onely return'd a Nod, and gracious Look.  
 For though recorded Fame with pride has told,  
 Of his great Actings, Wonders manifold,  
 And his great Thinkings most Diviners guess;  
 Yet his great Speakings no Records expels.

All things thus safe; and now for one last blow,  
 To give his Foes a total Overthrow;  
 A Blow not in Hells Legends match'd before,  
 The remov'd Plot's laid at the Enemies door.  
 The old Plot forg'd against the Saints of *Baal*  
 Cheat, Perjury, and Subornation all,  
 Whilst with a more damnd Treason of their own,  
 Like working Moles they're digging round the Throne;  
*Baal, Baal*, the cry, and *Absolom* the Name,  
 But *Dauids* glory, Life and Crown the Aim.

Nay, if but a Petition peep abroad,  
 Though for the Glory both of Church and God,  
 And to preserve even their yet unborn Heirs,  
 There's Blood and Treason in their very Prayers.  
 This unexampled Impudence upheld,  
 The Governments best Friends, the Crown's best Shield,  
 The Great and Brave with equal Treason brands,  
 Faith, Honour, and Allegiance strongest Bands  
 All broken like the Cords of *Sampson* fall,  
 Whilst th' universal Leprosie taints all.  
 These poysonous thafis with greater spleen they draw,  
 Than the Outragious Wife of *Potiphar*.  
 So the chaste *Joseph* uneduc'd to her  
 Adult'ries, was pronounced a Ravisher.

This hellish Ethnick Plot the Court alarms;  
 The Traytors seventy thousand strong in Arms,  
 Near *Endor* Town lay ready at a Call,  
 And garrison'd in Airy Castles all.  
 These Warriours on a sort of Couriers rid,  
 Ne'r log'd in Stables, or by Man bestrid.  
 What though the Steele with which the Rebels fought,  
 No Forge e're felt, or Anvile ever wrought?  
 Yet this Magnetick Plot, for black Designs,  
 Can raise cold Iron from the very Mines.  
 To this were twenty Under-plots, contriv'd  
 By Malice, and by Ignorance believ'd,  
 Till Shamms met Shamms, and Plots with Plots so crost,  
 That the True Plot amongst the False was lost.

Of all the much-wrong'd Worthies of the Land,  
 Whom this Contagious Infamy profand,  
 In the first Rank the youthful *Ishream* stood,  
 His Princely Veins fill'd with great *David's* Blood,  
 With so much Manly Beauty in his Face,  
 Scarce his High Birth could lend a Nobler Grace.  
 And for a Mind fit for this shrine of Gold,  
 Heaven cast his Soul in the same Beauteous Mould;  
 With all the sweets of Prideless Greatness blest,  
 As Affable as *Abraham's* Angel-Guest,  
 But when in Wars his glittering Steel he drew,  
 No Chief more Bold with fiercer Lightning flew:

Witness



Witness his tryal of an Arm Divine,  
 Passing the Ordeal of a *Burning Time*.  
 Such forward Courage did his *Bois* fill,  
 Starting from nothing, but from *Being*.  
 Still with such *Hearts* Honour'd Race he run,  
 Such Wonders by his *early* Valour done,  
 Enough to charm a second *Yodan* Sun.  
 But he has Foes, his fatal *Enemies*  
 To a strange Monster his *Fall* Truth divulge,  
 And shew the Gorgon even to *Royal* Eyes.  
 To their false perspectives his *Fate* he owes,  
 The spots it's Glais, not in the *Star* it shows.  
 Yet when by the *Imperial* Sentence doom'd,  
 The *Royal* Hand the *Princely* Touch implor'd,  
 He his hard *Fate* without a *Manner* took,  
 And stood with that *Daim*, *Dutious* *Humble* look.  
 Of all his *glorious* Honours unarray'd,  
 Like *Isaac's* Head on *Abraham's* Altar lay'd.  
 Yes, *Absolom*, thou had him in the *Toyl*,  
 Rifled, and lost; now *Triumph* in the *Spoil*.  
 His *Zeal* too high for *Israel's* Temples soar'd,  
 His *God-like* Youth by prostrate *Hearts* ador'd,  
 Till thy *Revenge* from *Spight* and *Fear* began,  
 And too near *Heaven* took *Care* to make him *Man*.  
 Though *Israel's* King, *God*, *Laws*, share all his *Soul*,  
 Adorn'd with all that *Heroes* can enrol,  
 Yet *Vow'd* Successions cruel *Sacrifice*,  
 Great *Judah's* Son like *Jephtha's* Daughter dies.  
 Yes, like a Monument of *Wrath* he stands,  
 Such Ruine *Absolom's* *Revenge* demands,  
 His *Curiosity* his *Doom* assign'd.  
 For 'twas a *Crime* of as destructive *Kind*,  
 To pry how *Babylons* *Burning* *Zeal* aspires,  
 As to look back on *Sodoms* blazing *Fires*.  
 But spoyl'd, and robd, his droffier *Glories* gone,  
 His *Virtue* and his *Truth* are still his own.  
 No rifling *Hands* can that bright *Treasure* take,  
 Nor all his *Foes* that *Royal* *Charter* make.

The dreadful *Foe* their *Engines* must subdue,  
 The strongest *Rock* through which their *Arts* must hew,  
 Was great *Barrillan*, could they reach his *Head*,  
 Their *Fears* all hush'd, they had strook *Danger* dead.

That

That second *Moses*-Guide resolv'd to free  
 Our *Israel* from her threatening Slavery  
 Idolatry and Chains; both from the Rode  
 Of *Pharob*-Masters, and *Egyptian* Gods;  
 And from that Wilderness of Error freed,  
 Where Dogstars scorch, and killing Serpents breed:  
 That *Israels* Liberty and Truth may grow  
 The *Canaan* whence our Milk and Honey flow.  
 Such our *Barzillai*; but *Barzillai* too  
 With *Moses* Fate does *Moses* Trial pursue:  
 Leads to that Bliss which his own Silver Hairs  
 Shall never reach, Rich onely to his Heirs.  
 Kind Patriot, who to plant us Banks of Flow'rs  
 With purling Streams, cool Shades, and Summer Bow'rs,  
 His Ages needful Rest away does fling,  
 Exhausts his Autumn to adorn our Spring:  
 Whilst his last hours in Toyls and Storms are hurl'd,  
 And onely to enrich th' inheriting World.  
 Thus prodigally throws his Life's short span,  
 To play his Countries generous Pelican.  
 But oh, that all-be-devill'd Paper fram'd,  
 No doubt, in Hell; that Mass of Treason damnd;  
 By *Esaus* Hands, and *Jacobs* Voice disclos'd;  
 And timely to th' Abhorring World expos'd.  
 Nay, what's more wondrous, this wast-paper Tool,  
 A nameless, unsubsrib'd, and useless scrawl,  
 Was, by a Politician great in Fame,  
 (His Chains foreseen a Month before they came)  
 Preserv'd on purpose, by his prudent care,  
 To brand his Soul, and ev'n his Life ensnare.  
 But then the Geshuritish Troop, well-Oath'd  
 And for the sprucer Face, well-fed, and Cloath'd  
 These to the Bar Obedient Swearers go  
 With all the Wind their manag'd Lungs can blow.  
 So have I seen from Bellows brazen Snout  
 The Breath drawn in, and by th' same Hand squet'd out.  
 But helping Oaths may innocently fly,  
 When in a Faith where dying Vows can lye.  
 Were Treason and Democracie his Ends,  
 Why wa'st not prov'd by his Revolting Friends?  
 Why did not th' Oaths of his once great Colleagues  
*Achitophel* and the rest prove his Intreagues?



Why at the Bar appear'd such sordid scum,  
 And all those Nobler Tongues of Honour dumb?  
 Could he his Plots this great Ills conceal  
 He durst to leaky Starving Wretches tell;  
 Such Ignorant Princes, and such knowing Slaves;  
 His Babel building Tools from such poor Knaves.  
 Were he that Monster his new Poet would make  
 Thunreasoning World believe, his Soul so black,  
 That they in Conscience did his Side forego,  
 Knowing him guilty: they could prove him so.  
 Then 'twas not Conscience made, can change their side  
 Or if they kneed, yadid his Treasons hide;  
 In not exposing his detested Crime,  
 They're greater Monsters than they dare think him.  
 Are these the Profelites renowned to high  
 Convert to Duty, Honour, Loyalty  
 Poorly they change, who in their change stand mute?  
 Converts to Truth ought Falshood to confute.  
 To conquering Truth, they but small glory give,  
 Who turn to God, yet let the Dragon live.

But who can Amiel's charming Wit withstand,  
 The great State-pillar of the Muse's Land.  
 For lawless and ungoverned, had the Age  
 The Nine wild Sisters seen run mad with Rage,  
 Debaucht to Savages, till his keen Pen  
 Brought their long banisht Reason back again,  
 Driven by his Satyr, into Nature's Frenzy,  
 And laist the idle Rovers into Sense;  
 Nay, his sly Muse, in Style Propheetick, wrote  
 The whole Intrigue of Israels Ethnic Plots,  
 Form'd strange Battalions, in suspensions wild,  
 Whole Camps in Masquerade, and Amiel's disguise  
 Amiel, whose generous Gallantry, whilst Fame  
 Shall have a Tongue, shall never want a Name.  
 Who, whilst his Pomp his darlish Gold consumed,  
 Moulded his Wings to lend a Throne his Plumes;  
 Whilst an Ungrateful Court he did attend,  
 Too poor to pay, what it had pride to spend.

But, Amiel has, alas, the fate to hear,  
 An angry Poet play his Chronicler;

A Poet rais'd above Oblivions Shade,  
 By his Recorded Verse Immortal made.  
 But, Sir, his livelier Figure to engrave,  
 With Branches added to the Bay you gave:  
 No Muse could more Heroick Deeds rehearse,  
 Had with an equal all applauding Verse,  
 Great *David's* Scepter, and *Saul's* Javelin praise,  
 A Pyramide to his Saint Interest raise,  
 For which Religiously no Change he mist,  
 From Common-wealths man up to Royalist:  
 Nay, would have been his own lov'd thing call'd Priest,  
 Priest, whom with so much Call he does describe,  
 'Cause once unworthy thought of *Devils* Tribe.  
 Near those bright Towers where Art has Wonders done,  
 Where *David's* fight glads the blest Summers Sun,  
 And at his feet proud *Jordan's* Waters run,  
 A Cell there stands by Pious Founders rais'd,  
 Both for its Wealth and Learned Rabbins praise:  
 To this did an Ambitious Band aspire,  
 To be no less than Lord of that blest Quire,  
 Till Wisdom deem'd so Sacred a Command,  
 A Prize too great for this unhallow'd hand.  
 Besides, lewd Fame had hold on him taken,  
 To *Laura's* cooing Love perch'd he was taken,  
*Laura* in faithful *Caustic* love was taken,  
 To *Ethiops* Envoy, and to all was taken,  
*Laura* though Rotten his long love was taken,  
 He had all her Claps, and she was taken,  
 Her Wit so far his Purse and Sense was taken,  
 Till every P--x was sworn to be taken.  
 And if at last his Nature took reform,  
 A weary grown of *Love's* tumultuous storm,  
 'Tis Ages Faulty work, of power bereft,  
 He left not Whoring, but of that was left.

But wandering Muse, here bid thy flagging Wing  
 To thy more glorious Themes confine, and sing  
 Brave *Fothams* Worth, *Impartial* Oscar, and just,  
 Of unbrib'd Faith, and of unshaken Trust,  
 Once *Geshurs* Lord, their Throne so nobly fill'd,  
 As if to th' borrow'd Scepter that he fill'd.

An early Poet plays his Chronicle:



Th'inspiring *David* yet more generous grew  
 And lent him his Imperial *Genius* too  
 Nor has he worn the Royal Image more  
 In *Israel's* Viceroy, than Embassador  
 Witness his Gallantry, that resolute hour,  
 When to uphold the Sacred *Pride* of *Power*  
 His stubborn *Flags* from the *Sidon* shore  
 The angry storms of *Thundering* *Galleys* bore  
 But these are *Virtues* *Fame* must less admire,  
 Because deriv'd from that *Heroick* *Sire*  
 Who on a *Block* a dauntless *Martyr* dy'd  
 With all the Sweetness of a *Smiling* *Bride*  
 Charm'd with the Thought of *Honours* *Starry* *Pole*;  
 With Joy laid down a *Head* to mount a *Soul*;

Of all the *Champions* rich in *Honour* *Sets*  
 Whose *Loyalty* through *David's* *ancient* *Wars*  
 (In spite of the triumphant *Tyrants* *pride*,)  
 Was to his lowest *Ebb* of *Fortune* *ty'd*  
 No Link more strong in all that *Chain* of *Gold*,  
 Then *Amasai*, the *Constant*, and the *Bold*  
 That Warlike *General* whose *avenging* *Sword*  
 Through all the *Battles* of his *Royal* *Lord*  
 Pour'd all the *Fires* that *Loyal* *Zeal* could *light*  
 No brighter *Star* in the lost *David's* *night*.

No less with *Laurels* *Assur*, *Brother* *Mom*  
 That mangled *Brave* who with *Tyres* *Thunder* *to*  
 Brought a *dismember'd* *Lord* of *honour* *home*  
 And lives to make both *Earth* and *Sea* his *Throne*.

With *Reverence* the *Religious* *Helon* *treat*,  
 Refin'd from all the *bores* of *the* *Great*  
*Helon* who sees his *Line* of *Virtue* *run*  
 Beyond the *Center* of his *Grave*, *known*  
 Unfinisht *Luster* sparkling in his *Son*  
 A *Son* so high in *Sanctity* *and* *virtue*  
 In *Israel's* *Intrest* strong, in *Sanctity* *and* *virtue*  
 Under one *Roof* her *Truth* *and* *Gods* *dwell*  
 The *Pious* *Father* builds her *Shrines* and *Cells*,  
 And in the *Son* she *speaks* her *Oracles*.

In the same list young *Adriel* prais'd record,  
*Adriel* the Academick Neighbour Lord;  
*Adriel* ennobled by a Grandfather,  
 And Uncle, both those Glorious Sons of War,  
 Both Generals, and both Exiles with their Lord,  
 Till with the Royal Wanderer restored,  
 They lived to see his Coronation Pledge  
 Then surfeiting on too much Transport  
 O're *Adriel's* Head this Heroe's Spout him  
 His Soul with so much Loyal Blood tinctur'd  
 Such Native Virtues his great Mind adorn,  
 Whilst under their dangerous Influence born

In this Record let *Cammis* Name appear,  
 The Great *Barzillais* Fellow Sufferer;  
 From unknown Hands, of unknown Crimes accus'd,  
 Till th' hunted Shadow lost, his Chams unloos'd.

Now to the Sweet-tongued *Amara* prais'd be just,  
 Once the State-Advocate, that Wealthy Trust,  
 Till Flattery the pride of dear-bought Gold,  
 His Innocence for Ballages unfold,  
 To Naked Truths more shining Beauties true,  
 Th' Embroider'd Mantle from his Neck he threw.

Next *Hothbriel* write, *Baals* watchful Foe, and late  
*Jerusalem's* protecting Magistrate;  
 Who, when false *Junia* were to Frenzy Charm'd,  
 And against Innocence even *Tibonah* arm'd,  
 Saw deprav'd *Julide* ope her Ravenous Jaw,  
 And timely broke her Canine Teeth of Law.

Amongst th' Assertors of his Countries Cause,  
 Give the bold *Micah* his deserv'd Applause,  
 The Grateful Sanedrim's optated Choice,  
 Of Two Great Councils the Satisfive Voice  
 Of that old hardy Tribe of *Isaach* borne,  
 Fear their Disdain, and Flattery their Scorne,  
 Too proud to truss, and too Tough to bend.

Of the same Tribe was *Haron*, *Amara's* Friend,  
 From that fam'd Sire, the Long Robes Glory, sprung,  
 In Sanedrim's his Countries Pillar long;



Long had he fathom'd all the Depth of State;  
 Could with that strength that ponderous Sense debate,  
 As turn'd the Scale of Nations with the weight;  
 Till subtilty made by Slightful Honour Great;  
 Prefer'd to *Israels* Chief Tribunal Seat;  
 Made in a higher Orb his Beams dispense;  
 To hush his Formidable Eloquence.

But *Israels* numerous Worthies too long  
 And Great a Theam for one continued Song,  
 Yet These by bold flagitious Tongues run down,  
 Made all Conspirers against *David's* Crown.

Nay, and there was a Time, had Hell prevail'd,  
 Nor Perjury and Subornation fail'd,  
 When a long List of Names, for Treason doom'd,  
 Had *Israels* Patriots in one Grave entomb'd:  
 A List, with such fair Loyal Colours laid,  
 Even to no less than Royal Hands convey'd.  
 And the great Mover in this pious Fraud,  
 A Dungeon Slave redeem'd by a Midnight Bawd:  
 Then made by Art a Swearer of Renown,  
 Nurst and embrac'd by th' Heir of *Judah's* Crown:  
 Encourag'd too by Pension for Reward,  
 With his forg'd Scrowls for Guileless Blood prepar'd.  
 Poor Engine for a greatness so sublime:  
 But oh, a Cause by which their *Baal* must climb,  
 Ennobles both the Actor and the Crime.

Yet This, and all Things else now quite blown o're,  
 And *Absolom*, his *Israels* Fear no more:

Luster and Pride shall hem his radiant Brow;  
 All Knees shall fall, and prostrate Nations bow.  
 By Heav'n's, he is, he will, he must, he shall  
 Be *Israels* Heroe, Friend, Saint, Idol, all.  
 What though provok'd with all the crying sins  
 Of Murmuring Slaves, excluding Sanedrins:  
 By profane Crowds in dirt his Prophet burn'd,  
 And even his Gods in mock Processions burn'd:  
 Himself from *Israel* into *Hebron* sent,  
 And doom'd to little less than Banishment.

In sight of all his Scrowls to *Babylon*;  
And all the promis'd Wonders to be done,  
When *Egypt's* Frogs should croak on *Judea's* Throne.  
Though of a Faith that propagates in Blood;  
Of Passions unforgiving, less withstood  
Then Seas and Tempests, and as Deaf as they.  
Yet all Divine shall be his Godlike Sway,  
And his calm Reign but one long *Halcyon* Day.  
And this Great Truth he's damnd that dares deny;  
'Gainst *Absalom* even Oracles would lye,  
Though Sense and Reason Preach 'tis Blasphemy.  
Then let our dull Mistaken Terror cease,  
When even our Comets speak all Health and Peace.





[illegible]



